Babybash, Yeh suh

Chorus: We Deep (Yeh Suh!) We Creep (Yeh Suh!) We throw, we blow (Uh Huh, Yeh Suh!) We Fly (Yeh Suh!) No Lie (Yeh Suh!) Off the Trank and the dank so High (Yeh Suh!) Verse 1: It's my arrival, and my survival I'm skyin higher then messiah an' his bible Watch for that rifle Watch for that psycho Yo breezy chosen, n she lookin' kinda tight though Now if you talk that talk ya better walk that walk don't let this pretty face fool ya 'cuz I'm a savage like a Dallas Maverick Got nephews that'll do ya Snatch that jeerzy off your skeleton with the guickness And if its wall ta wall betta gaurd your jaw we handlin bi'ness Servin this game like tennis we up in this mean Muggin Crackin the fuck up at them squares dream thuggin Blowin our trees cousin it gets sticky in the pain Tricky in the tank and don't miss me wit that dank 500 on the street equals 65 G's In that Jordan briefcase like that boy from the piz Bigger then show biz so I'm stayin focused When they holla at the club "How much them blows is" [Chorus x2] Verse 2: I remember when my thugz showed me how ta slang heat Hollerin fixin how ta talk man we gona bring beat Ya now guess what I'm goin through and this what I stand fo Thuggin ain't that legal but I'm doin what I can boy But I sound small I as I is sound as raw as I is I pop n lift mic's while I bench press heads Down is all in it see niggaz ballin in it Aiighty, tellin a sad story we know why I got it Niggas bad at the game they ain't showin no love Thats cold nigga deal with it show'em you thug Havin, Partnah's in prision n a few dead friends was the Streets way of showin me two dead ends then the beats got to showin me you can make ends Goin hard in the pank when the pussy boys can't One thug that had some said that boy Bash That manilla world send max pain comin for that ass. YESSAH! [Chorus x2] Hook: I'm just a mack man I'm just a mack man

and if its crackin where you mackin where you at man(x4) [Chorus] Chorus: We Deep (Yeh Suh!) We Creep (Yeh Suh!) We throw, we blow (Uh Huh, Yeh Suh!) We Fly (Yeh Suh!) No Lie (Yeh Suh!) Off the Trank and the dank so High (Yeh Suh!) Verse 1: It's my arrival, and my survival I'm skyin higher then messiah an' his bible Watch for that rifle Watch for that psycho Yo breezy chosen, n she lookin' kinda tight though Now if you talk that talk ya better walk that walk don't let this pretty face fool ya 'cuz I'm a savage like a Dallas Maverick Got nephews that'll do ya Snatch that jeerzy off your skeleton with the guickness And if its wall ta wall betta gaurd your jaw we handlin bi'ness Servin this game like tennis we up in this mean Muggin Crackin the fuck up at them squares dream thuggin Blowin our trees cousin it gets sticky in the pain Tricky in the tank and don't miss me wit that dank 500 on the street equals 65 G's In that Jordan briefcase like that boy from the piz Bigger then show biz so I'm stayin focused When they holla at the club "How much them blows is" [Chorus x2] Verse 2: I remember when my thugz showed me how ta slang heat Hollerin fixin how ta talk man we gona bring beat Ya now guess what I'm goin through and this what I stand fo Thuggin ain't that legal but I'm doin what I can boy But I sound small I as I is sound as raw as I is I pop n lift mic's while I bench press heads Down is all in it see niggaz ballin in it Aiighty, tellin a sad story we know why I got it Niggas bad at the game they ain't showin no love Thats cold nigga deal with it show'em you thug Havin, Partnah's in prision n a few dead friends was the Streets way of showin me two dead ends then the beats got to showin me you can make ends Goin hard in the pank when the pussy boys can't One thug that had some said that boy Bash That manilla world send max pain comin for that ass. YESSAH! [Chorus x2] Hook: I'm just a mack man

I'm just a mack man and if its crackin where you mackin where you at man(x4) [Chorus]